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De Valcour and Bertha:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. III.

BERTHA reached the centre of the wood in safety, but not without alarm: the hut was still at some distance, and the darkness of the night rendered every object indistinguishable; Bertha listened anxiously, in the hope that De Valcour would come to meet her; and after a considerable interval of expectation, she heard footsteps approaching: but there seemed more than one person, of which voices soon convinced her. Bertha was lost in conjecture, till, as the sound drew nearer, she was terrified to find that both were strangers. They passed on without observing her, but near enough for her to perceive they were armed. She stole cautiously forward, and with trembling steps reached the door of the hut. It was open: she softly called on De Valcour, but no answer was returned. Fearful least the strangers should surprise her, she entered, and groped about in search of a secure corner, where she might conceal herself till the arrival of Julian, when her hand fell on an object which chilled her with horror. It was the cold face of a man, who was extended on the ground. She faintly shrieked, when a sigh from her suffering companion convinced her he was still living. Ignorant whether it was a friend or an enemy, humanity induced her to raise him in her arms: He breathed with difficulty; and, endeavouring to open his collar, she felt the chain of hair which was suspended round the neck of Julian. This was a most horrible conviction: yet a fortunate exertion of mind enabled her to preserve herself from sinking under the shock. De Valcour revived sufficiently to articulate a few sentences; and informed Bertha, that he had been wounded in endeavouring to defend him against some ruffians who attempted to seize him; and that they were then in search of her. Scarcely had he spoken when two men entered, and, by the light of a torch, discovered Bertha supporting her lover. Her terrified looks, and shrill scream, instantly betrayed her sex. The foremost advanced on; tore her from De Valcour, who fell with a deep groan on the ground; then grasping her round the waist, bore her from the hut. Total insensibility succeeded, from which she was only aroused to a scene of alarm. A number of masked men surrounded the couch on which she was reposing; their eyes were earnestly bent on her, as if watching each motion; their dress was such as she never beheld before; and the sable plumes which waved in their hats, made her imagine them persons of distinction. She eagarly enquired for Julian. "Do not distress yourself, lovely maid," said one with a dignified air: "he is taken care of. Your meeting cannot take place yet; but you shall meet with every attention here your situation and sex demands." Fearful of provoking resentment, Bertha forbore to make any further enquiries. Every thing round her seemed to wear an air of mystery: the person who addressed her appeared superior to the rest, who obeyed his motions; and he alone watched beside her her couch. When he first spoke, she tho't the voice familiar to her; but when he raised his tone to address those who attended, she was again at a loss to recollect it. Several hours passed on without any change, and Bertha began to be anxious for day-light to appear. "It will be long before you see the sun rise," said her companion: "the place we are in precludes every possibility of a visit from the sun: but if you are of a good and cheerful temper, you will find enough here to make you happy. We have sumptuous fare, soft beds, and merry hearts. What say you, Lady, have we cause to complain?" "Heaven defend me!" exclaimed Bertha, "where am I? Among whom has my evil destiny thrown me?" "Among those," said her companion, with a more serious tone, "who love you too well to see you thrown away upon a needy adventurer. Bertha I have long loved you, long envied a boy the happiness of possessing your affection. The farcical ceremony of marriage which passed between you is not valid. Be mine; and every luxury, every pleasure of life, shall be yours." Bertha, rose indignantly from the couch; she surveyed him with a scrutinizing glance; his person was totally unknown to her; and she vainly endeavoured to discover one motion by which she might recognize him for a former acquaintance. A few moments elapsed in silence. Bertha again addressed him. "By whose authority am I detained here? Where is De Valcour?" "De Valcour is beyond hearing of your voice, Lady, should you raise it to its utmost pitch: and should it reach his ear a strong iron door would preserve us from impertinent interruption. It is by my order all this is done; for no one else has authority here: but, fear not; no violence shall be offered you; neither shall you be made a prisoner here. I have provided a commodious and pleasant retreat for you. I would not be your tyrant, Bertha; I would win by gentle means." Ber-

tha gave him but a smile of contempt for answer; and finding resistance vain, put up a secret prayer to heaven for preservation. For some time she refused any refreshment, till, finding herself completely exhausted by grief and fear, she consented to take a glass of wine and some bread. The whole party, consisting of about ten martial looking men, sat down to an elegant repast. They remained masked, and conversed on general topics: every one behaved to her with marked respect, and retired soon after the meal was concluded, except one, who seemed to wait some orders from the chief. "Tyrault," said he, "conduct this lady to the apartments designed for her in the fortress. Perez is centinel this watch; is he not?" "He is," said Tyrault;" "and every thing is prepared for the lady's accommodation: she shall want nothing." "That is right," returned the chief. He then added with a sigh, "I hope she will soon be reconciled to her situation, and not feel a wish to leave us." Bertha's tears flowed fast during this conversation. The chief took her hand, and bowing respectfully over it, said, "Farewel, Bertha, for the present. Calm your apprehensions; you need not dread molestation. I will see you to-morrow, and explain circumstances more minutely. He then bowed slighted to Tyrault, who led her away. They passed through several arched passages, till they came to a spiral flight of stairs. Bertha was too much absorbed by her own reflections, to speak to her conductor, who lighted her along with polite attention. He at last stopped against a large grated door, when he requested her to hold the lamp, while he removed the padlock by which it was secured. Bertha complied: hope was lost and she determined patiently to wait the event. It opened into a spacious gallery, encircled by iron railings: from this they passed to a suit of rooms, light, and well furnished. Tyrault lighted a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling of the last apartment, observing, that as he should not return for twelve hours, she might find it necessary.—"Merciful powers!" cried Bertha, "am I to remain for ever in this captivity? What have I done, tell me, I intreat you, who are my persecutors?" I am forbidden, Madam, to answer any questions," returned Tyrault; "but my admiration of you prompts me to transgress. Your captivity will be lengthened according to circumtances. The gentleman who detains you here is the head of an honourable society, known by the title of Independants who are chiefly men of rank and fortune. I am in his confidence; and think I can promise you the most respectful treatment. A female servant will attend you here; and you will be furnished at stated periods with what refreshments you wish. A change of dress is also in readiness for you. But let me remind you, Madam, that while the Signor is thus provident for your accommodation, any attempt to seduce his attendants from their fidelity will be punished with the utmost severity. Farewell, Madam. Judith will wait on you presently." He then bowed, and retired, fastening the door after him, Shortly after which Bertha heard him say without, "Perez, this is your station. I consign this key to you; no one must be admitted, except bearing the signet of our Signor." Bertha flung herself on the bed in an agony of grief. Her own lot she could have borne with composure, could she but know the fate of Julian; but now every prospect of communication was cut off, and she was filled with the most dreadful apprehensions that he had fallen a victim to the vengeance of her persecutors. In this state of painful suspense she remained, till an impulse of curiosity induced her to take a survey of the apartments allotted her before night-fall should prevent investigation.

CHAP. IV.

THE suite of apartments allotted to the use of Bertha, were furnished in a style of splendor which surprised her, and, from the appearance of every thing she saw, she concluded that they must have been recently inhabited; but they seemed to be no outlet or passage of communication with any other part of the building, except the iron door by which she had entered. One large window, (and the only one which was not secured by a strong iron grating) commanded a view of a most beautiful and extensive lake, the calm bosom of which reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun, whose radiant beams illuminated a large track of land on the opposite shore. The scene would have had many beauties in the eye of Bertha in happier days; but now confinement, and reflections on her uncertain fate, sickened her heart, and made even the charms of nature an aggravation of her misery. Yet she found food for hope, in the idea that her melancholy fate, and peculiar delicacy of situation might inspire the breast of her female attendant with compassion. A few minutes terminated her suspense, and drove her back to despair; for in the long-expected, wished-for Maud, she beheld a figure uncouth, ill-featured, old, and apparently insensible to all she uttered. Imagining her to be deaf, Bertha addressed her by signs: but all her efforts seemed unheeded by the inexorable Maud who silently placed some provisions before her, trimmed the lamp, added fuel to the fire which had been kindled to air the rooms, and retired without a single look of feeling or kindness. Bertha had little rest that night. The first object which met her eye in the morning, was a complete suit of black, to which was affixed a ticket: on it was written, "*A Mourning dress for the Widow of Julian de Valcour.*" Bertha started up—it hung across a chair by her bedside: she surveyed it again and again, imagining she was but in a fearful dream, but soon found the reality too true. Maud entered soon after: the unhappy girl grasped her whithered hand, and, with steaming eyes, entreated to know if her Julian had been murdered. The old woman shook her head as if ignorant of her meaning, and every attempt to make her comprehend seemed vain. Bertha lost all composure; she paced the room with irregular steps, tore her hair, and gave way to the most alarming wildness. In this state she continued several days, during which Maud never left her, but continued to preserve the same forbidden cast of features as before. One day, when Bertha was more tranquil than usual, Maud retired for a few hours, and returned with a note, which she presented very respectfully: it was addressed to "*The Lady Bertha,*" and contained these words: "The chief requests a short audience of the Lady Bertha: to which previlege he hopes his long attention to her wishes has entitled him. Every thing in his power shall be done that can contribute to her comfort or pleasure." Bertha hastily snatched a pen, and wrote, "Bertha de Valcour has *now* no wish, but for death or liberty." This she delivered to her attendant, who received it silently, as usual: but with an expression of countenance, such as Bertha had never observed before, and which now filled her with horror. Maud had not been gone many minutes, when a gentle knocking at the outer door gave her a momentary alarm. She listened in trembling anxiety; it was repeated. Convinced that it was no one who had allowed access to the to the apartments, she approached the door, when some one said, in a low voice, "Madam, Madam! your destruction is certain, if you do not escape within two hours. Trust neither to appearances nor promises; you are not safe." The friendly voice ceased. Thinking it was the centinel who had thus warned her, she eargerly demanded of him the means by which she could escape, and whether he would assist her; when the gruff tones, and rude reply, of the guard, con-

vinced her of her mistake. He tauntingly asked, if "she was mad enough to think he would betray his trust for the whimpering of a woman?" Adding, No, no, Signora; you are not the first bird that has fluttered in the cage; but if you escape from it without leave from our Signor, you will be a rare bird indeed." Disgusted by his inhumanity, and severely disappointed, Bertha retired from the door to devise some plan for her escape, each of which, as it occured, she soon found impracticable. An hour elapsed by the glass which stood on the table, and no one came near to assist or comfort her. She turned her eyes despondently to the window. "Surely," she exclaimed, "this is my only alternative—death or dishonor. The height is fearful; and my fate seems certain, should I leap from hence; yet it is in the power of a benign Providence to assist me, to preserve me; to that alone will I trust." As she was thus reflecting, the clouds began to darken, the wind rose with considerable violence, and the vivid lightening dazzled the eyes of Bertha. With the agitation of the elements, her mind seemed roused to energy, and she gazed with awful expectation on the foaming waves beneath her, which seemed swelling to meet and bear her to her destined grave. A distant cry of distress vibrated on the air. Bertha stretched herself from the window, and looked anxiously around. A small fishing-vessel seemed driven by the tempest towards the building, but the mariners appeared exerting their efforts to keep her clear. The heart of Bertha bounded with joy: heaven seemed working a miracle in her favour; for should they be brought near enough to distinguish her signals of distress, she might yet escape in safety. Filled with this hope, she took a knife, and cut the sheets into strips, which she joined, and made a line almost long enough to effect her design. Again she approached the window: the vessel was within sight; she suspended her line, waved her handkerchief, and was at length successful in attracting the notice of some of the crew. Two or three, more venturous than the rest, hoisted out a boat, and rowed towards the tower where Bertha was confined, and which had long been a beacon to mariners. Finding the men below ready to receive her, Bertha secured her line to a large bar which crossed the window. She sprang nimbly on the chair; and was preparing to descend, when she felt her arm rudely grasped, and turning, beheld her masked persecutor. This was a moment not to be neglected. Desperate in her determination to escape from the horrid fate which his presence seemed to menace, she madly plunged the knife she held into his bosom. He gave a cry of rage, and grasped her yet more firmly. In vain the sailors below called to her to hasten her descent; every faculty was suspended by the dreadful sight of her enemy's blood streaming on the ground! streaming from the wound inflicted by her hand! She saw him stagger; she endeavoured to support him; but he groaned, and fell! Bertha shrieked aloud for assistance: the centinel rushed in; fired his piece; and in a few moments the room was filled with armed men, who surrounded their dying chief. One among them attended with assiduous care to Bertha: it was the kind Tyrault, who bore her from the curious crowd, and laid her upon a couch insensible to all that passed.

Meanwhile the ill-fated Julian had languished ten days in a noisome dungeon: all the misery which a malicious foe and a jealous rival could inflict, was his lot. He was made to believe his wife was faithless, and dishonoured; and at length, by incessant persuasion, and in the dear hope of obtaining health and liberty he was induced to take the formal oath of fidelity to the society, and became one of the Independants, whose offences were chiefly of a political nature, and who seldom committed such depredations as could occassion them to be classed with robbers; yet each was sworn to espouse the private interests, and revenge the wrongs, of each other; and the breach of this promise was punished with death. Tyrault, who pitied his undeserving sufferings, yet dared not violate his oath, sought every opportunity of enquiring into the situation of Bertha, with the generous design of bringing the unfortunate faithful couple together; but the vigilance of the Chief gave him no opportunity of effecting his benevolent purpose. Julian became one of the society; and Tyrault learnt that it was the intention of the Signor to make Bertha his by force. All he could then do, was, to warn her secretly of her danger, which he did, and hastened the solution of the mystery in which the fate of the unfortunate lovers had been so long involved.

(To be concluded.)

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

"I WILL talk to the King about it," said B——; and this habit was become so forcible in him, that a courtier having one day enquired how his wife did, he answered, "I will talk to the King about it."

From the London Monthly Mirror.

TRUTH.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Truth lies in a well."

[*This tale is prefixed to a collection of fables in French. We were so pleased with its ingenuity, that we thought a translation of it might not be unacceptable to the readers of the Monthly Mirror.*] Editors.

AS a fakir was taking his walk in a retired spot, the earth seemed to resound beneath his footstep. He stopped. "This place is hollow," he said to himself, "and perhaps incloses a treasure: what a happy man would it make me should I be lucky enough to find it!"

The fakir began removing the ground, and soon observed a sort of a vault; but after undergoing so much fatigue, he was greatly mortified at discovering nothing but the mouth of a *well*, which had apparently remained there for several ages.

Whilst he was surveying it with an air of disappointment, a female form, dripping with wet, shivering with cold, and quite naked, suddenly rose up; and being excessively beautiful, the fakir contemplated the figure with so much delight, that he never once thought of covering her with his cloak.

"O thou who surpassest in beauty the daughters of Brahma," said he, "tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou batheſt in a well?"—"I am TRUTH," she replied. The fakir instantly grew pale, and fell on his knees, as if a fakir and truth could not possibly dwell together.

The virgin being thus at liberty, advanced towards the city. A woman walking naked is not so great a singularity in India as in other climates less favoured by the sun. There passed by her poets, sultanas, and eunuchs.

"Ah!" said the poets, on beholding her, "how thin she is!"—"How indiscreet she is?" cried the sultanas. "How sad she appears!" ejaculated the eunuchs. None of them seemed to care about her.

A voluptuous courtier happened also to pass her. He perceived that she had a white skin, and had her placed in his palanquin.

Scarcely was she seated, when the mistress of the emperor appeared, riding on a dromedary, by order of her physicians. "How odd it is," cried *Truth*, "that the

favourite ſultana ſhould have a crooked noſe?"

The courtier trembled at the exclamation, and gave himſelf up for loſt; for there was a law forbidding any one from ſpeaking well or ill of the favourite's noſe. He caſt *Truth* into the middle of the highway, ſaying, "What a fool am I been to trouble myſelf with this babbler?"

She arrived at the gates of the city, and obſerving a perſon of an inferior order, enquired of him where ſhe might find an aſylum for the night. The man conducted her to his home, not doubting but this acquaintance would make his fortune.

The hoſt with whom *Truth* had taken up her lodging, got his living by writing a gazette; where, each morning, every perſon in office read his own panegyric. Whenever, therefore, he went to the court, the ſlaves had orders to fill his pockets with the beſt remains of the kitchen.

The preſence of our traveller very much deranged the affairs of this poor man. He had ſcarcely time to prepare his gazette. *Truth* ſaw him at work without ſaying a word, and when he had finiſhed, erafed every thing that he had written. The publication was two days behind hand.

The vizir, angry at this delay, called for the writer, and after giving him fifty ſtripes, permitted him to ſpeak in his own juſtification. He did ſo with eloquence and propriety; ſo much the worſe for the gazetteer, for the vizir diſmiſſed him with a hundred more baſtinadoes.

This laſt puniſhment appeared ſingular to thoſe who knew not how very juſt the vizir meant to be. He did this, becauſe he wanted the time which the puniſhment occupied, ſecretly to remove *Truth* from the gazetteer's houſe. Had he thought ninety-nine blows would have been ſufficient for his purpoſe, he had too great a regard for his fellow creature, to have ſuffered one more to have been inflicted.

When the vizir had gotten ſole poſſeſſion of *Truth*, he hoped to make advantage of her againſt his enemies; but it being announced that the emperor was coming that very day to viſit his palace, and dreading above all that he ſhould ſee *her*, he ordered that, for the public good, ſhe ſhould be put to death.

Immediately four emirs placed her gently between ſilk cuſhions, embroidered and perfumed, and ſmothered her with every precaution. They afterwards threw the dead body into the moſt unfrequented ſpot in the garden.

The men in power imagined that *Truth* was dead, becauſe ſhe had been ſmothered ſome time: but this was not the caſe —the open air revived her, and ſhe availed herſelf of the darkneſs of the night to leave the garden.

She took ſhelter in a vaſt library, where the Brahmins ſtowed up the learning and wiſdom of mankind for five thouſand years. The night being cold, ſhe lit a fire with ſome ſtraggling leaves, but there was ſo much inflammable matter in the place, that *Truth* had but juſt time to make her eſcape with a few ſmall volumes.

The library was burnt, and the librarians too. The emperor came to look at the conflagration, and ſaid with a ſatirical ſmile, "It is pleaſant enough to ſee a library in flames." His ſatisfaction was the more ſincere, ſince there had always been in India, a ſecret hoſtility between books and emperors.

The vizir haſtened to outlaw his victim who had thus effected her eſcape. In the morning the proclamation for that purpoſe was affixed to the public buildings. The diſpatch need not be deemed ſurpriſing, for, in every chancery in the univerſe, there are always forms of proſcription in readiness againſt poor *Truth*.

At day-break the unfortunate fugitive found herſelf beyond the walls of the city, near a neat little houſe, which was ſurrounded by a ſmall garden; it was the reſidence of the ſage Pilpay.* She entered it without apprehenſion, declared who ſhe was, and demanded an aſylum.

"This frankneſs pleaſes me," ſaid the ſage, in reply, "but it makes me tremble for you. If you ſhould be recognized, nothing can ſave you; follow me." They aſcended a large gallery, which formed the upper ſtory of the houſe.

Here were arranged in order the ſkins of all animals, the rind of every tree, the coverings of all ſorts of beings. It might be ſeen at once, that it was the repoſitory of a fabuliſt. Pilpay having ſhewn it to *Truth*, thus addreſſed her:

"Since you can neither hide yourſelf, nor be ſilent, you had better aſſume a diſguiſe. I can make you enter, at will, into all the figures you ſee here, which ſhall thereupon be inſtantly animated. You ſhall ſpeak under theſe new forms, and you ſhall, without danger, reproach even the vizir himſelf with his crimes."

Truth accepted the propoſal, and was not ungrateful. The genius of her deliverer, inſpired by her, illuminated all Hindoſtan. The vizir was depoſed, and Pilpay appointed in his room. He arrived to an extreme age, ſurrounded by the bleſſings of the people; for Aſia has no balm ſo powerful to prolong life, as the habit of doing good.

An inſtance of ſuch high fortune, gave birth to a crowd of imitators, and the ambitious wiſhed to ſhare with the labours of Pilpay; but Truth, who penetrated their views, continued to conceal herſelf in the works of the wiſe, and reſigned the reſt to the phrenzy of their imaginations.

The inventors of fables found themſelves thus divided into two very different claſſes, of whom one wiſhed to inſtruct with gentleneſs, and the other to prevail at any rate. It will be rendering a great ſervice to mankind, to teach them by what traits they may diſtinguiſh them.

The latter aſſemble the multitude, and cry out to them from an elevated place, "Slaves of Brahma, believe or periſh; for what we are about to deliver to you is the *Truth*." Then they relate to them extravagant fables, which render the auditors either impoſtors or madmen.

The former, with a mild voice, and affable countenance, invite the traveller to ſtop, ſaying to him, "Friend, if thou art alive to mirth, laugh a moment with us. What we are going to relate to you is only a fable:" but the gay narrative conveys wholeſome *truth* to the mind, and he who liſtens becomes better while he is amuſed.

NOTE.

* Pilpay or Badpay, an Indian philoſopher and fabuliſt, became miniſter to Dabſchelim, and was in high reputation in the eaſt.

EXTRACTS

From R. T. Wilſon's *account of the Britiſh expedition to Egypt.*

(CONCLUDED.)

Gallic Gratitude.

The following anecdote is related as the cauſe of Morad Bey's perſonal inveteracy againſt the French. Some of their officers of rank aſſembled at the houſe of Madam Morad Bey, the widow of the great Ali Bey, who entertained them with all the hoſpitality ſhe could poſſibly manifeſt, and as they retired, preſented the young Beauharnois with a ring of conſid-

erable value. A few days afterwards a contribution was laid on her property of far greater extent than her proportion had previouſly been fixed at, and much beyond her means to pay. On complaint being made, ſhe received for anſwer, "that as it was underſtood ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed very coſtly ornaments, no mitigation could be pleaded." This exaction then appeared to be founded on the preſent ſhe had ſo generouſly, but as it proved imprudently given, to the relative of Bonaparte, with the motive of ſhewing honour to that general. As ſuch it was conſidered as the greateſt breach of faith and hoſpitality, nor could Morad Bey ever ſpeak of the tranſaction without the bittereſt expreſſions of indignation.

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Egyptian Dwellings.

All language is inſufficient to give a juſt idea of the miſery of an Egyptian village. But thoſe who have been in Ireland may beſt ſuppoſe the degree, when an Iriſh hut is deſcribed as a palace, in compariſon to an Arab's ſty, for it can be called by no other name. Each habitation is built of mud, even the roof, and reſembles in ſhape an oven. Within is only one apartment, generally of about ten feet ſquare. The door does not admit of a man's entering upright; but, as the bottom is dug out about two feet, when in the room an erect poſture is poſſible. A mat, ſome large cans to hold water, which it is the conſtant occupation of the women to fetch, an alkaras or drinking pitcher, made of fine porous flag, found beſt in Upper Egypt, near Cuniz, and in which the water is kept very cool, a rice pan, and coffee pot, are all the ornaments and utenſils. Here then a whole family eat and ſleep, without any conſideration of decency or cleanlineſs, being, in regard to the latter, worſe than even the beaſts of the field, who naturally reſpect their own tenements. It was ſcarcely poſſible to witneſs this diſguſting ſcene, to behold men, women, and children, ſo wretched, ſo hideous, and ſo abject, without reflections, not very conforming to doctrines which, for the happineſs of the world, ſhould be inculcated.

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Mummy Pits and Bird Pits.

About thirteen miles diſtant are ſeen the pyramids of Sacarah, which are not ſo large as thoſe of Giza. Under them are the celebrated mummy pits, which extend ſeveral leagues, tradition affirms as far as the great pyramids of Giza. The operation of deſcending into theſe pits is extremely diſagreeable. Bedouin Arabs are the conductors, who bring the adventurers to ſome holes, down which they fling themſelves by a rope about thirty yards, whilſt the looſe ſtones, tumbling from above, inflict the ſevereſt injuries. On reaching the bottom, they are ſhewn an opening like an oven, to get into which they are obliged to fall flat on their faces, and creep in that manner, or rather ſhove themſelves backwards, their legs going neceſſarily firſt for fear of ſuffocation, for twenty yards, over rubbiſh and ruins, in total darkneſs. The height of the paſſage does not really admit of the ſmalleſt bend in the perſon to aſſiſt the progreſs. When this uncomfortable avenue is paſſed, the catacombs or vaults allow of a man's ſtanding upright. In the bird-pits millions of earthen pots lie in the receſſes, in which the ſacred birds in Egypt, particularly the Ibis, are encloſed; and occaſionly the bones of animals are found. Theſe pots are cloſed by a ſtrong cement, which no air can penetrate. When broken, there drops out what is apparently a lump of burnt cinders, which proves to be the cloth in which the bodies were preſerved. In almoſt all, the ſtring which bound them remains perfect; and their feathers are preſerved, with their very ſhades of colour. The mummy pits, where human bodies are depoſited, have been much ranſacked by the French; at leaſt that part which was open to their reſearches. Still ſeveral whole bodies are found even now, without penetrating far, and two or three perfect mummies have been brought to England. Indeed the Arabs, for four ſequins, would always engage to find and bring one into Cairo.

A USEFUL SCRAP.

"DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY."

THERE are two things in life, which I frequently meet with, and which, as often as they happen to me, give me inexpreſſible pain. The firſt is, when I ſee a poor drudge of a waiter made the ſport of a company at a tavern, and obliged to ſubmit to the arrogance of every haughty or unthinking fellow, who aſſumes the authority to abuſe him on any little trifling concern. The next is, when gentlemen take upon them to ſcold and reprimand their ſervants before any company of viſitors whom they entertain. In both theſe caſes, I bring the condition of the waiter and the ſervant home to myſelf, and, by my feelings I find, I could never be able to endure the ill uſage they muſt ſo often ſuſtain. To the proud and haughty, whatever I could ſay on the ſubject would be of little avail. But I muſt beg leave to remind the giddy part of men, (who from wantonneſs or thoughtleſsneſs, ſometimes act againſt the known humanity of their own minds) that nothing is ſo mean as to give ill language to any man whoſe condition in life renders it unſafe for him to return the abuſe; and that nothing can be more ill-mannered to a company, than to addreſs one's wit to a waiter, when there is gentlemen to converſe with in the room. Nor, at one's own table, can any thing be more ill-mannered to gueſts, than to give vent to one's anger or ill humor before them; becauſe it muſt proportionably ſpoil their entertainment, as they partake of their inviter's concern.

BOTANIC GARDEN.

JOSEPH HAMILTON, M. D.

And Health Phyſician for the port of Hudſon, in the ſtate of New York,

PRESENTS his reſpectful ſalutations to the Phyſicians and Surgeons throughout the United States, and humbly offers to their ſerious conſideration, the following plan, for erecting, maintaining, and perpetuating a Botanic Garden throughout the republic. The Garden is to extend thro' every State in the Union, an incloſure to be in each county. Thus, it will ſufficiently engroſs all climates in the world, wherein, it is probable a ſufficiency of all ſorts of ſoil may be found to produce all ſorts of vegetation in the world. In order to execute this plan, let three, four, or more Phyſicians, and Surgeons, in ſome one county begin, by forming themſelves into a friendly aſſociation upon this liberal and catholic principle, that any other lawful Phyſician, or Surgeon, within that county, upon his ſubſcribing to the articles of the ſociety, ſhall become a member thereof, and being organized, having a chairman and clerk, or Preſident and Secretary, let the Society appoint two committees—the one to be called the committee of the Garden, the other the corresponding committee.

The duty of the former, to be to overſee and manage the Garden, according to the directions of the ſociety.

The duty of the latter, to correſpond with all thoſe Medical and Philoſophical Societies, and gentlemen, as the ſociety ſhall direct. And eſpecially, with circum-

navigators, and other commanders of vessels, as they shall judge proper—in order to obtain the germs, or seeds of plants, and the knowledge of their proper cultivation; and in some counties where it may be deemed necessary, another committee may be appointed to solicit donations for the furtherance of the object. Thus it is probable, that we may in a few years, raise Rhubarb, Saffron, G. Camphire, and other rich medicines in a high degree of perfection, the purchase of which, altho' unnoticed at present, yet annually drain this country of coin, a sum perhaps beyond any one's imagination.

P. S. Several different sorts of the seeds of valuable exotic plants lately imported, are now on hand, which are at the service of any such society when called for.

☞ *All Printers, who may have a favourable opinion of the above plan, are desired to give it a place in their publication.*

SOLUTION

To the Question respecting a Voyage to the Moon, page 39, of the Repository.

LET E be Philadelphia, and M the place of the Moon; suppose a point P to move from E to M, with a velocity every where proportional to $\frac{1}{PM^2}$. Put $a=EM$; $c(=10)$ the initial velocity; $x=PM$, and the velocity at $P, =v$: then as $\frac{1}{a^2} : \frac{1}{x^2} :: c : v$, hence $v=\frac{ca^2}{x^2}$. Now if T be put for the time in which the space EP is described, we have $\dot{T}(=-\frac{\dot{x}}{v})=-\frac{x^2\dot{x}}{ca^2}$; and by taking the fluents, $T=-\frac{x^3}{3ca^2}$. Let $T=o$, then will $x=a$; and the fluent truly corrected will be $T=\frac{a}{3c}-\frac{x^3}{3ca^2}$; and when $x=o$, or P arrives at M, T will be $=\frac{a}{3c}-\frac{x^3}{3ca^2}$; and when $x=o$, or P arrives at M, T will be $=\frac{a}{3c}$; therefore, as $3c : a :: 1$ hour $: T$, the time sought.

If we make $a=24000^m$, then $T=800$ hours, or $33\frac{1}{3}$ days. SCIOLUS.

QUESTION.

Required the dimensions of a Plumb-pudding, in form of an oblate spheroid; the sum of its greatest breadth and depth being twelve inches, and solid content the greatest possible?

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

A Gentleman who visits our family, and who happened to be seated at our fire-side, when your last Repository was received, took it up, and began to read from it, to my mamma and myself as we sat at work. Among other things he read an anecdote; and had read two or three lines of a second, when he suddenly stopped—I looked up and begged him to proceed: he made me no answer, but blushing deeply, laid the paper upon the stand in evident confusion—in a few minutes he took his leave. When he was gone, I took up the paper to know the cause of his embarrassment; and was sorry to find its pages stained with an anecdote couched in such grossly indecent terms as the one of the French master and his scholars.

Modesty is *our* safeguard; like the watchful centinel on the battlements, it sees the enemy afar off; and ere they approach to the attack, has sounded the alarm and roused up

" Every spirit to its full height."

Any thing which flushes the cheek of modesty with a blush, must certainly be foreign to the general purport of your paper—a paper in the columns of which the soft and winning persuasions of the moralist have so often appeared.

As this is the first communication, I trust the sterling worth of your future pages, will render it the last of a similar nature from

ANNA.

——STREET, 14th DEC.

[The editor cannot but regret, that any thing should have appeared on the pages of the Repository, that should in the least offend the eye of virgin modesty. He is conscious of having been studiously careful to preserve its columns free from every thing that would tend to contaminate the virtuous mind. Fair Anna may therefore judge his surprise at receiving her epistle, informing him that he had transgressed a positive rule laid down for himself, and that to so high a degree, as to cause even a *gentleman* to *blush deeply*. Upon recurring however to the anecdote, which is the ground of complaint, he is unable to discover a single idea that could injure the purest mind. He refers the matter back to Anna herself, to judge whether, upon maturely weighing every word in the sentence, any indecent idea is to be found, much less any thing "grossly" so;—and with her and the public he must leave the issue.

The editor recollects receiving, on a former occasion a similar letter of complaint. The objectionable article then was, an extract from the celebrated Dr. *Willich's Domestic Encyclopædia*, giving directions to married women respecting a certain excruciating complaint.*—Then, as now, he was severely reprimanded for permitting to appear in his paper—the bare name of what is almost *daily exposed to public view!* Indeed he must acknowledge, that he would be ashamed, yes, he would "blush deeply," were he obliged to describe, not the dress of a modern belle, but the parts left undressed,—*bosoms bare*, &c. But in making the extract from Willich, he felt no compunction whatever; on the contrary, thought he was doing a benefit to those ladies who might be in the situation described, without offending the modesty of any one. In the present case, he views the objectionable anecdote, as a piece of innocent humour, that can injure no virtuous principle whatever.—Look again, Anna, weigh it well, and you will find this to be the case—It is not necessary that every sentence we see should be read aloud; nor with audible voice need we on every occasion proclaim, when

My lady's brought to bed.

But surely every information of this kind is not therefore, to be considered as an outrage upon virtue, or *grossly* indecent.

Learn to distinguish, fair monitress, between *words* and *ideas*,—and do not "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."†]

NOTES.

* *Vide, 2d vol. page 373.*

† *Vide notes to correspondents, ibid, page 391.*

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 17, 1803.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNT
of the
CALAMITY AT MADEIRA.

THE extraordinary event (which we briefly noticed in our paper of Saturday,) happened on Sunday the 9th of October, at 8 in the evening. The day had been previously very cloudy, and a continual rain had fallen, accompanied with squalls, which were not violent, until the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, when the sea appeared to be unusually agitated, and such a darkness prevailed, that an object was not discernible at a yard's distance—during this progress, every person remained within their houses, in seeming security, and wholly unconscious of that approaching horror which was destined so shortly to sweep them from off the earth!

The clock of the cathedral was striking 8, when an instantaneous storm of terrible lightning and thunder began, and the rain fell in such torrents, that all the cross streets of the eastern part of the city of Funchall, were suddenly filled with mud and water above the first floors of the houses, which was occasioned by its being impeded, in some measure, from its furious descent from the ravines of the mountains into the sea. At this shocking period the stoutest heart felt appalled; nothing was to be heard but the din of ruin working in every direction: hundreds of huge stones, that had been torn from their quarries on the hills three miles above the town, were tumbling over each other in stupendous concussion, carrying with them, in conjunction with the deluge, churches, convents, streets, trees, bridges, battlements, and 800 human beings into the bottom of the deep. Whenever a flash of lightning penetrated the gloom, there were seen mothers wading through the streets, up to their chin in water holding their infants on their heads with one hand, and endeavouring to catch security with the other; while those who endeavoured to assist them, were frequently maimed or killed, by the beams of timber or wine pipes which floated around them; and the sea presented a scene not less awful, though less ruinous: most of the vessels lost their cables, anchors and boats, and many of the seamen were washed overboard. The ships rolled, in some part or another, several feet beneath the water continually, and all the sailors who were there on that dismal night, whether

Americans, English, or Portuguese, gave themselves up as lost men.

Thus, in so short a space of time as a few minutes were many hundred indivíuals carried to their eternal home, in the very plenitude of an apparent security; and several thousand reduced from affluence to poverty: and many of them, it is probable, in the indulgence of those imperfections, which constitute our criminality or our folly, and sent to their account "unblanched, unanointed, unennealed."—Ten thousand pipes of wine and brandy were destroyed, and the sea-shore was skirted on the ensuing morning with millions of fragments, among which the mourning survivors of the calamity were eagerly seeking for the dead remains of their relations or friends. Several days after, the air of Funchall became so putrescent, from the rotting of the bodies that were buried beneath the congregated mud and filth, that a pestilence was apprehended: but in consequence of burning tar and pitch, and other neutralizing combustibles, that scourge was providentially avoided:

It was remarkable that this deluge, in its course, swept away twenty-nine vineyards that were situated on the south west side of the city; and so decisive was the ruin, that it tore up the trees by the the roots and bore away not only them, but all the cottages, with their inhabitants, the ground, cattle and appurtenances, and left the rocky basis, as bare of vegetation as the cliffs of Norway.—All this assemblage of objects, were whirled into the *Ribeira Brava*, or mad river, and ingulphed nearly the whole of the small town which bears that name.

In this wreck of matter, there was but one human creature saved, and that was an infant in a wooden cradle, which was lodged among some reeds on the side of the declevity, and when discovered on the ensuing day, was in a profound sleep:—This unconscious infant was saved from its ignorance of fear, as it is in the nature of fear to counteract its own desires.

All the vessels that arrived at Fanchall, for several weeks after this miserable occurrence, gave an account of the dead bodies, casks, and boxes which they had seen floating many leagues off at sea; and it is believed that some of the crews were considerably enriched by the contents of many of the trunks.

The small town of Machico, was likewise ruined by this singular tempest, and many lives were lost there also; which leads to a supposition, that the lamented event was occasioned by a water-spout, that had burst against the side of the mountain, and discharging itself adown the gullies, produced those afflictive and sudden disasters, that all feeling persons must deplore: and which, whenever recollected, should operate to remind us of our frailty and our responsibility, and make us live well that we may die happily.

This is admitted to have been the greatest civic evil, that has happened since the earthquake of Lisbon in 1734, and was the most tragical, of its nature, that ever happened.—Had the younger Pliny been on the spot, it would have been adequately detailed.

The property destroyed has been estimated at upwards of a million of pounds sterling. [*N. York Gaz.*

FIRE!

ON Tuesday last, about half past two o'clock, during the time of a very high wind, a Fire broke out in an unfinished three story brick house, situated on the south side of Sansom-street, near Seventh-street. Although every effort was made to stop its progress, it was not subdued until it had destroyed the house in which it originated, and seven other new brick buildings of the same size, adjoining it. The burning shingles were carried by the force of the wind, in a north easterly direction, several squares from the place, and they would probably have occasioned other conflagrations, had not the houses been previously wetted by a seasonable rain. These buildings were nearly tenantable, but fortunately neither of them were occupied by a family. We understand, they were the property of industrious Carpenters and Bricklayers—some of whom, it is said, are not in a situation to bear so heavy a loss.—None of the houses were insured. (*Poulson.*

RALEIGH, (N. C.) DEC. 5.

A bed of Gold Ore has been lately discovered in Cabarrus county, in this state, in a Creek running through the land of Mr. John Reed, a native of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor. The metal was first found by two or three children belonging to Mr. Reed, who were fishing. They brought a few pieces home to their father, as a curiosity, ignorant of its value. On examination, the ore was found not only to be Gold, but Gold of a very pure quality. Since this discovery, these little boys have picked up daily from 100 to 120 pennyweights (worth, upwards of 20l. sterl.) but the proprietor has lately found a lump of the ore 28 pounds weight, which it is supposed, when fluxed, will yield 27 pounds of pure gold, and is worth upwards of 5600 dollars! These facts are assured to us by one of the members of our General Assembly, from Cabarrus, now in this city, who has in his possession two specimens of this precious metal, one as it is found, and the other as purified.

WE are informed, says the Carlisle Herald, that the Snow in Meadsville, (Penn.) was 16 inches deep, on the 10th inst. and it is thought will probably lie on the ground, until Spring.

INTERMENTS

In the different Burial Grounds of the City of Philadelphia, from the 3d to the 9th December——Adults, 12—Children, 8——Total 20.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. *George Harman*, to Mrs. *Margaret Laval*, of this city.

———, on the same day, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Caleb Dobbins*, to Miss *Ann Maddock*, both of this city.

———, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Ashbel Green, D. D. Mr. *Andrew Brown*, teacher of young ladies, to Miss *Jane Jordan*; both of this city.

———, on the same day, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *George Sleeman*, to Miss *Elizabeth Scull*.

———, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, *James Hannum*, esq. to Mrs. *Sarah Reese*, both of Chester county.

———, on the 15th inst. by the Rev Mr. M'Leodollar, Mr. Robert Morris, to the amiable Miss Rebecca Barclay, daughter of Mr. Samuel Barclay, hatter, of Southwark.

———, on the same day, by the Rev. James Abercrombie, *Charles J. Wister*, merchant, of this city, to Miss *Rebecca Bullock*, of Germantown.

———, at Wyalusing, (Pen.) by Henry V. Champion, esq. Mr *John Charles Wintbrop*, of Philadelphia County, to Miss *Elizabeth Dougherty*.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 9th inst. in the 46th year of his age, Mr. *Jacob Phillips*, late Steward of the Alms House—a man of amiable manners. In him the Institution have met with a serious loss, and his family with an irreparable one.

——, at his seat, in Dorchester county, Maryland, the 11th inst. after a short illness, *William Vans Murray*, esq. late minister from the United States at the Hague, and minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic. As a statesman, Mr. Murray stood high, and filled with integrity the several departments which his country had confided to his trust; particularly in bringing about the settlement of the late unhappy difference that existed between the U. States and the French Republic. [*Easton Pap.*

——, in Bristol township, Bucks County, on the 7th inst. *John Malcolm*, esq. aged about 90 years; he has left a widow, and two children, both of which are now in their minority. He was many years an officer in the British navy in the former wars between France and England; he was one of the king's justices of the peace in the state of Delaware, at the commencement of the American Revolution, and had for the last seven years of his life been a firm supporter of republican principles under our present form of government.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Miniature, a fragment*,"—and "*Verses to Amelia*," in our next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ABSENCE.

ADIEU! Tranquillity, thou pow'r divine!
Thou parent of all happiness and peace!
Ah! once I fondly thought thee ever mine,
And hop'd my joys, with thee, would still increase.

Once, fickle Pow'r, thy influence I found,
Whene'er I sought it, in the troubled hour;
But now corroding griefs my bosom wound—
For thou hast fled—and Sorrow 'gins to lour.

But tho' thou'rt gone, and Sorrow fills thy place,
Which, with tormenting Anguish, try to gain
The empire of my breast, from thence to chase
Each joy, and there to fix their baneful reign:

Altho' keen Mis'ry's pangs their war commence;
My bosom tear, and fast pervade my mind:
Yet I've a solace left,—'twill drive them hence,—
My bleeding soul her rest again shall find.

For tho' I'm absent from my Della kind,
Yet well I know, that with congenial love
Her bosom glows—my suff'rings pity find;
And she to me will ever constant prove.

Go, dwell, Tranquillity, within her breast,
Where virtue dwells, and where thou ought'st to be;
Each turbulent emotion calm to rest—
And oh! stay longer than thou did'st with me.

Ah! who, but those who love, can know the pain
Which *Absence* in the faithful heart creates;
Who can imagine—(Fancy's aid is vain!)
The tale an absent lover's *sigh* relates:

But, ah! what pleasure in the bosom reigns
While the fond eye dwells on the *pledge of love;*
What happiness! when Hope, returning, deigns
In the desponding heart each joy to move.

These joys are mine....I of her beauteous face
The semblance view—the *Profile* of my love;
Where I with fond delight her features trace,
And think with smiles of *constancy* they move.

Come, sweet Imagination! lend thine aid,
O'er unknown fields of joy with thee I'll rove....
My much ador'd, my lovely blooming maid,
Is ever faithful—so her swain will prove.

UPEROSA.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1803.

SELECTED.

MARIA: AN IRISH TALE.

WHERE smiles proud Erin on the western gale,
Dishevell'd, panting, see Maria rove;
Vent her sad wailings in an artless tale,
And mourn the dread catastrophe of love.

Nor tinsel eloquence her 'plaint adorn—
In Nature's garb to paint her griefs she chose;
Oft to the winds she'd thus relate, forlorn,
Her short pathetic history of woes—

"Ah! hapless Erin, from thy early birth
Has discord hover'd o'er thy wretched land:
Blighted the early buds of future worth,
And stain'd with crimson teints the hero's hand.

"But still more hapless Maid, who dar'd to feel
The melting force of sympathetic love;
Created visions of terrestrial weal,
Which, all ideal, ineffectual prove!

"My William's bosom felt a gen'rous flame—
Oft would his eye-balls in confusion roll;
And Liberty's enthusiastic name
Fir'd all the latent passions of the soul.

"Mistaken, lov'd, ill-fated youth, farewel!
Cold are thy lips, and stifled is thy breath!—
Thy injur'd country claim'd a dying knell,
And doom'd thee, trembling, to a traitor's death!

"Now, unbefriended, will Maria roam—
No joy an inmate of her tortur'd breast;
Till William meeting in a distant shore,
She'll lull her sorrows in the grave's sweet rest!"

THE SEASONS.

A SONG FOR THE LADIES.

WHEN Chloe first with blooming charms,
Invited lovers to her arms,
She look'd a dainty thing:
We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,
And, as the simile most fit,
We call'd the period SPRING.

The hasty moments pass'd away;
We saw her bright meredian day,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother, and the wife,
Diffus'd around her all the life
And all the bliss of SUMMER.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lend an ear,
And what she knew she taught 'em;
Her sage advice dispersing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richest fruits of AUTUMN.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;
Yet honour can't allow it right
Of well-earn'd praise to stint her;
For she who Summer well employs,
Will reap rich Autumn's solid joys,
Nor dread the frost of WINTER.

SUICIDE.

BY DR. SEWEL.

When all the blandishment of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

[*We have seldom seen domestic happiness portrayed in such charming and inviting colours, as in the subsequent verses, taken from a late Liverpool paper.*]

HOME.

WHEN Evening flings her dusky shade,
O'er days departing close;
When labour drops the *pen* or *spade*,
For pleasure, or repose.

With hasty step, and gladsome heart,
I seek my much-lov'd home:
A cot that boasts no builder's art,
An unaspiring dome:

Yet there the virtues, with their train
Of social joys resort;
There health, and peace, and freedom reign,
Fair exiles from a court.

When heard the scrapings of my feet,
What transports stir within!
Affection pipes her welcomes sweet,
A pleasing, tuneful din.

My children fly to share my kiss,
A little artless group!
There, centred is a mother's bliss,
And all a father's hope.

My loving partner in her turn,
Anticipates desire:
And oft, as if it would not burn,
She trims the blazing fire.

Officiously she now displays
The dish and cleanly platter;
And when excuse for ought she prays,
Contentment cries, "no matter."

Thus round the soul endearment twines,
With stronger, faster hold;
Yes, Hymen's lamp still brighter shines,
And charms still new unfold.

As thus connubial pleasures rise,
To gild my dear abode,
To heaven I lift my grateful eyes,
And thank a bounteous God.

WHAT IS HONOUR?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*